

Hare.

1516

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

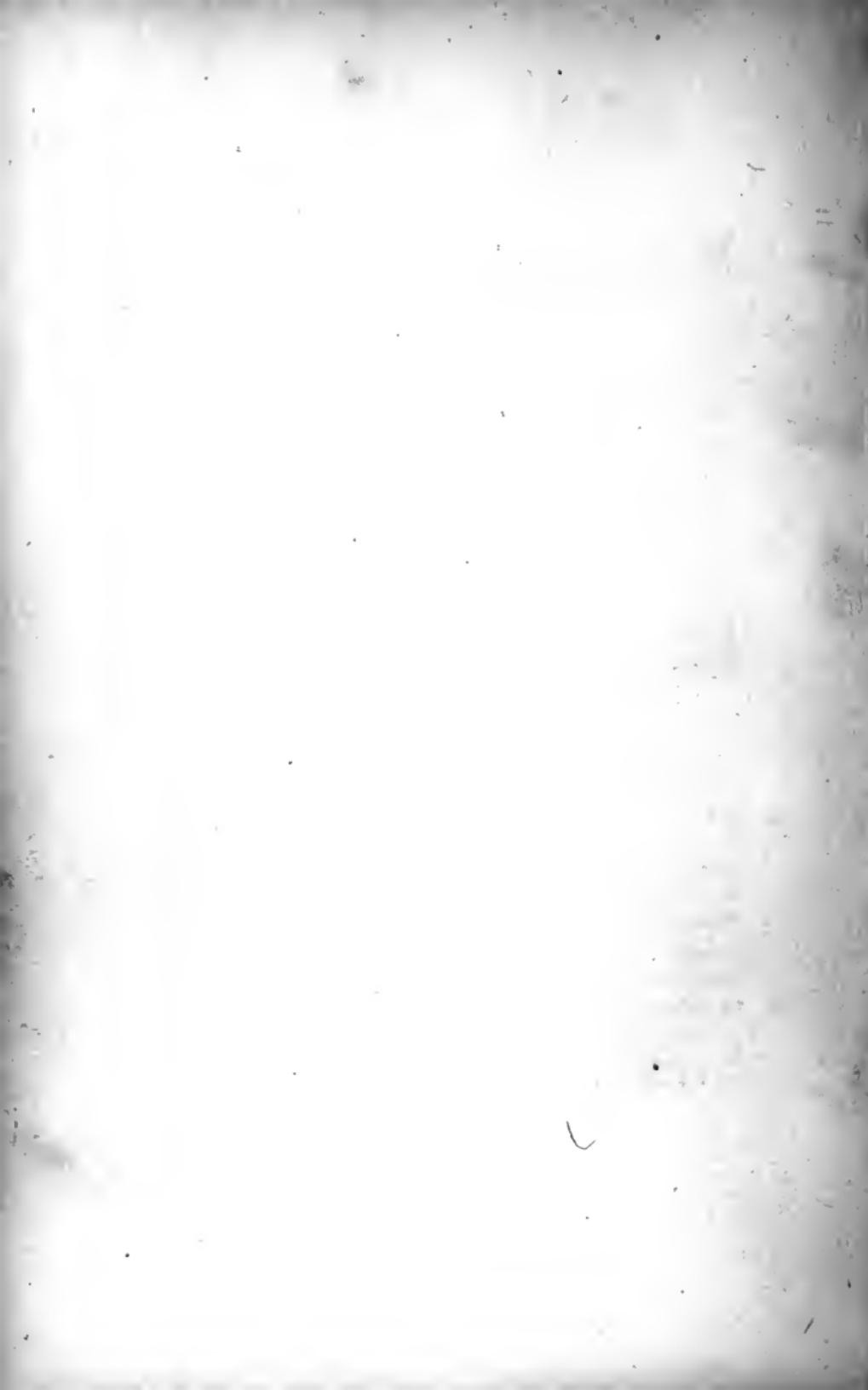
Written after Work-Hours.

BY B. STANLEY.

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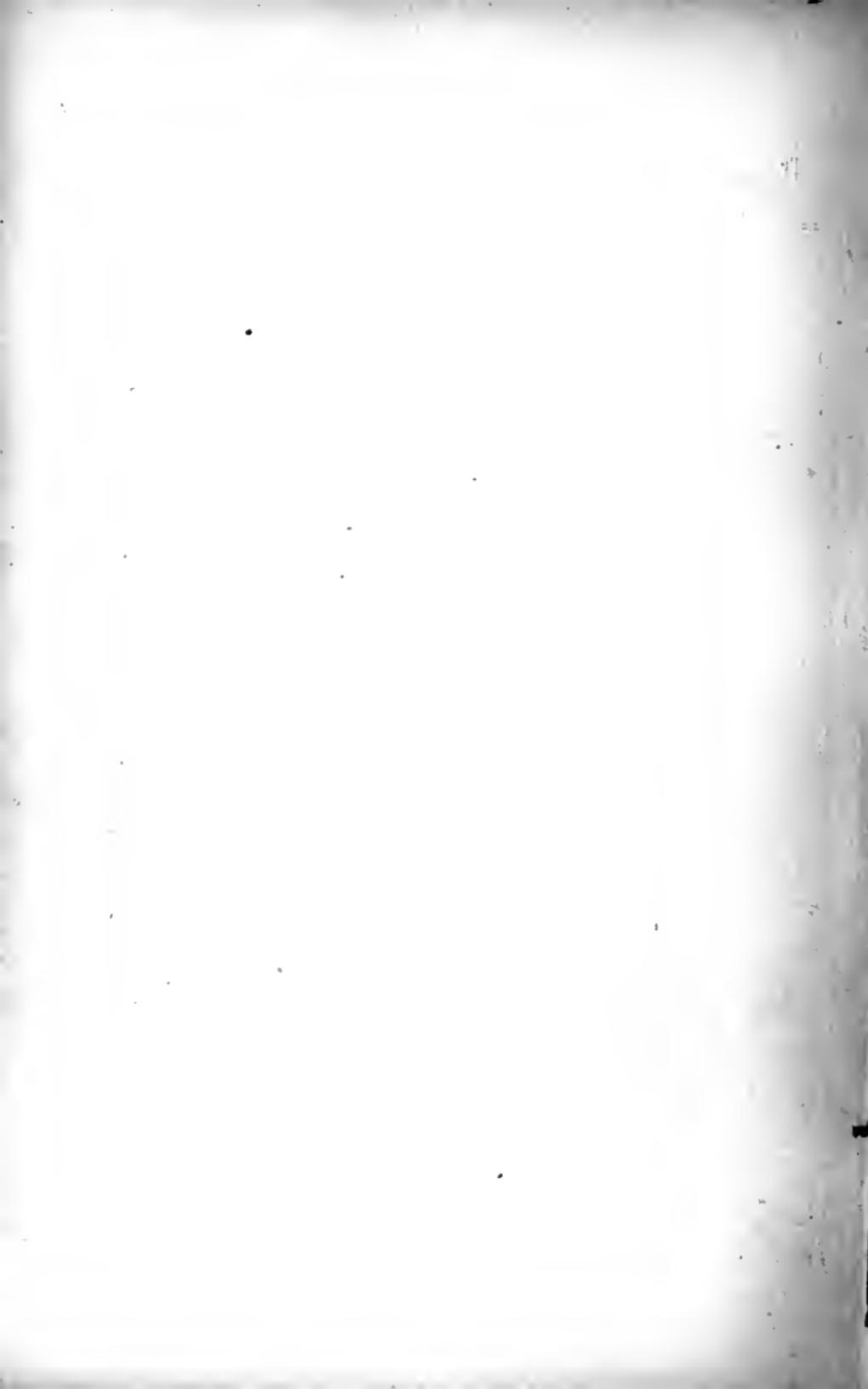


P R E F A C E.

In presenting these poems to the public the author trusts that he is not actuated solely by motives of vanity, for, although he makes little pretension to originality, he is persuaded that their bearing upon the moral and religious character of the people will not be of an injurious nature. About sixteen years ago he published a small volume of poems—many of which were of local interest—and he is proud to say that his little book was very well received even beyond the district in which he resides. Since then he has from time to time written pieces, many of which have appeared in the columns of various newspapers, and he has been induced to comply with the wishes of his friends to bring these scattered leaves together in a collected form.

He is well aware that whoever appears before the bar of public opinion has no right to complain of honest criticism, but at the same time he may perhaps be allowed to remind the reader that the Miscellaneous Poems in this little volume are from the pen of a working man who lays small claim to scholarship. From the dawn of his earliest youth his work hours have been spent at the loom, and, as the title page intimates, these fancies have been woven after the more serious labours of the day. He is a firm friend of the order to which he belongs, and if any portion of his work shall tend to excite a taste for intellectual pursuits amongst those who have to toil hard for their daily bread, his leisure hours will not have been thrown away.

Cinderhills, Holmfirth, January, 1864.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ALBERT.

He's gone, who lately in the royal halls
Of brave old England shone the brightest gem ;
The same sad fate which on the lowest falls,
Strikes from its height the proudest diadem.

We loved him well, for he was wise and good,
A model for the princes of the earth ;
And Britain's tears proclaim her gratitude
To one whose deeds were nobler than his birth.

Mid high-born state he never lost the man—
Nor rank, nor flattered beauty made him vain ;
Wherever duty called he led the van,
And, though he's gone, his virtues still remain.

Few are the men who, from the mountain height
Of power and wealth, can look with steady gaze
On those beneath, undizzied by the sight,
With manhood still unstained by blame or praise.

He came a stranger to our sea-girt realm,
And linked his lot with England's noblest Queen ;
Not like proud Darnley, to usurp the helm,
And breathe fell discord where repose had been.

No varnished picture, fashion-framed for show,
He knew the prince was brother to the slave ;
To raise uncultured millions from below,
His mighty powers of soul and rank he gave.

"Whom the Gods love die young" was said of old,
And Death came creeping, silent as the night,
To strike the nation with a woe untold,
Nor deigned to warn us of the coming blight.

Heaven guard our widowed Sovereign in her woe,
With her a brave and loyal people grieve;
And all that love and pity can bestow,
A nation's heart will yield to bid her live.

December 23rd, 1861.

ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.

How Britain's songs of gladness
Hailed Denmark's brightest flower!
She flung away her sadness,
And splendour ruled the hour.
The daughter of the Norseman
Has found both heart and hand
To welcome and protect her
In this devoted land.

The honours of Old England
Can crown no fairer brow.
May virtues now in blossom
To wreaths of glory grow,
And rich and poor to heaven,
In one united band,
Will pray that God may bless her
In this devoted land.

Though England's loyal people
 Can hail the good and fair,
 The booming of her cannon
 Can bid her foes beware.
 But may her peaceful borders
 Crush war's terrific brand,
 And nations gaze with wonder
 On this devoted land.
 Then rest, fair Alexandra,
 On every British heart;
 And may thy royal consort
 With honour never part;
 By Albert's great example
 For ever may he stand,
 And wave the flag of freedom
 O'er this devoted land.

April, 1863.

LINES, OCCASIONED BY THE CENTENARY OF
 THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

How love and sorrow strangely blend
 While musing on the fate of Burns—
 The pilgrims of his genius bend
 In solemn awe, while pity mourns.

Millions of weeping eyes have paid
 Their tribute o'er his early tomb;
 Yet, though he's numbered with the dead,
 His memory lives in deathless bloom.

Oh ! he was Nature's tenderest bard,
 Sweet singer for the toil-worn poor;
 And though his lot on earth was hard,
 His head erect he ever bore.

We love him, for he loved his kind,
 And poured for all his truths sublime,
 The gems wrought from his mighty mind,
 Grow brighter with the lapse of time.

Hypocrisy, with lengthened face,
 May scan the failings of the man,
 And cant attempt to soil his bays,
 And wither with its priestly ban;

But long as bonny Scotland bears
 One humble daisy on its sod,
 Or laverock's song soothes early cares,
 Or Nature's voice responds to God;

Long as one bud shall hail the spring,
 Or streamlet play 'mong valleys green;
 Long as our "woodland echoes ring,"
 Or fields are clothed in beauty's sheen;

Long as one Scottish heart shall thrill
 With man's brave deed or woman's woe,
 Or bear the unconquerable will
 To help a friend or dare a foe;

Long as one man on earth is found
 To sympathise with him who mourns,
 So long each century shall resound
 The glorious name of Robert Burns.

GARIBALDI.

Thou star of hope to thousands of thy kind!
 The despot's knell is mingled with thy name;
 The scattered friends of freedom may'st thou bind,
 And bring the hosts of tyranny to shame.

'Tis glorious, in a land where wrongs abide,
In all the insolence of pride and place,
To mark one spirit be the guard and guide
To raise that land from thralldom and disgrace.

O, beanteous land, the garden of the earth !
Where ruled the mighty in the days of old ;
Which to the patriot and the sage gave birth,
Whose deeds have on the tide of ages rolled.

Down-trodden have thy sons for centuries been
Beneath a load that now to madness goads ;
Blood cries from all thy hills and valleys green,
And long-pent vengeance in its wrath explodes.

As soon shall Etna's lava-floods be chained,
And held imprisoned in their dark abode,
As those brave lands, by sacred freedom gained,
Be longer crushed beneath a despot's rod.

Hail, thou victorious chief ! whose heart of might
Beats only in the people's glorious cause ;
Whose hand ne'er grasped a tyrant's but in fight—
Whose breath is spent to sooth the captive's woes.

Undaunted by the oppressor's darkest frown,
By smiles from craft and perfidy unmoved,
By toil and danger never overthrown,
Thy truth and prowess, deeds—not words—have proved.

O, may those deeds, by final victory crowned,
Light every realm with freedom's sacred flame ;
And this thy only epitaph be found,
That tyrants trembled at thy very name.

September 10th, 1860.

LINES, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
COUNT CAVOUR.

Well may we mourn when men return to earth,
Whose watchword is the freedom of mankind,
Whose deeds obscure the boast of noble birth,
And add new lustre to the gems of mind.

Ah ! he is gone—a martyr in that land
Whose tears for buried worth may vainly flow—
The guiding star of that heroic band
With whom he smiled or wept, in weal or woe.

We love his memory. In the souls of men
Whose manhood is not dwarfed, or crushed and gone,
For ever shall the lost one live again,
To shake the tyrant from his trembling throne.

Such men can never die, if truth can live,
Men catch their fire and breathe it through all time,
Even to their ashes we our homage give,
And cry, *Exoelsior !* as we upward clime.

He lived not for himself, as others live,
For sordid gain or mad ambition's ends ;
His bleeding country seeking to retrieve,
He cast his lot with freedom's long-tried friends.

Crushed long beneath the despot's iron hand,
Now glorious Italy revives again ;
Soul speaks to soul, oppression's baleful brand
Shall sink like wold-fire on a blasted plain.

Land which of old the mighty Brutus trod,
Where "Rome's immortal three" their lustre shed,
'Ere triple priests blasphemed the name of God,
Kings rolled in blood, and banished freedom fled !

Land of the mighty head and heart, whose throes
Shook nations to their centre, till at last
It sank by its own weight in dull repose,
Its glory marred, and dust upon it cast !

Yet hath it ever been a wondrous land,
With splendour robed even in its darkest days ;
Its Colosseum and its Forum stand,
And the rapt pilgrims still on beauty gaze.

And Cavour loved that land, and he hath died
That it may live and be again the free ;
Oh ! may some spirit be its guard and guide,
Till day succeeds the dawn of liberty !

June, 1861.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. BEAUMONT.

For ever silent is that voice, which charmed
The ears of thousands with its thrilling power ;
That heaven-born zeal, whose glowing influence warmed
All hearts, is quenched in death. Even his last hour
Beheld this Christian watchman on the tower,
Who nobly died with harness on his back ;
Not like those chiefs who conquer to devour,
Who stretch their human victims on the rack,
And leave sad desolation in their murderous track.
His was the mission of the Prince of Peace,
And bravely he the Christian standard bore ;
With gospel flowers he strewed the wilderness
Whose fadeless bloom shall brighten evermore.

With ever-burning fervour, he would pour
 The blessed tidings which to man were given ;
 On seraph's wings his spirit seemed to soar,
 As if to join the jubilees of heaven,
 Far from life's troubled sea, where all are tempest driven.
 Alone in conclave he would boldly stand,
 While proud oppression quailed beneath his glance ;
 To freedom's friends he gave his free right hand,
 And bade the champions of the cross advance
 Unshackled by dark codes. Though he, perchance,
 Lacked priestly smiles, he gained the people's love,
 And this his love for freedom would enhance.
 To work the good of man he ever strove :
 He's passed from toil below to recompense above.

January 29, 1855.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH HUME.

Is nothing glorious but the flag that waves
 In blood-red splendour over martial men ?
 No one a hero but the chief who braves
 Dark death, to curse mankind with woe and pain ?
 If ever to the peaceful claims of worth
 Landations ring and sacred laurels bloom,
 If names be hallowed which have blessed the earth,
 A nation's voice will sound the praise of Hume.
 Sprung from the people, he their champion stood,
 Firm in stern truth, against tyrannic power :
 To crush the bad, and elevate the good,
 He spent his earliest and his latest hour.

A guiding star, and not a firebrand, he
Brightened man's reason, not his passions stirred ;
No demagogue, to shout about the free,
But a staunch patriot, true in deed and word.

As stands an oak against the tempest's force,
And stronger grows the more it is assailed,
So he, alone, unmoved, pursued his course,
And o'er corruption's baffled herd prevailed.

With charlatans and diplomatic quacks,
Who gull the mass for pension and for place,
Who deemed that men were made for lords to tax,
"War to the knife" he battled face to face.

Unwearied as the "bird of tireless wing,"
The sun-lit power of truth illumed his way ;
Clouds darkened not his mind's perennial spring,
He worked to change his country's night to-day.

Ye who in sorrow mourn for labour vain,
Or who, fatigued, would lay your armour down,
Take heart from him who dauntless fought again.
Whatever friends might smile or foemen frown.

From ripened manhood to declining age
He gave his strength to freedom's chosen band,
Whose names shall shine on history's future page,
The pride and glory of our native land !

February 28th, 1855.

TO THE REV. J. MACFARLANE, ON HIS RETURN
TO HOLMFIRTH.

Since you departed, eight long years
Have blended with the days of old,
And borne their freight of smiles and tears,
And stamped their impress as they rolled.

Like weeds cast on the sea of time,
Resistless billows bear us on;
And, marked by virtue or by crime,
The tale is told, and we are gone.

We meet and part, and meet again,
Now thrilled with joy, then pressed with gloom,
With pleasure glow, or shriek with pain,
Till all is voiceless in the tomb.

Yet through the dismal gates of death
The star of promise points the way,
Gilds with its rays the cypress wreath,
And beckons to eternal day.

Sad would it be—should death take all—
To bid one glorious thought farewell,
Or drink the wormwood and the gall,
With darkness at the last to dwell.

The truth which, on the ages borne,
Has braved through every storm its way,
Laughed at the despot's wrath and scorn,
Must shine with an eternal ray.

And you, our dear and valued friend,
Proclaim that glorious truth to men;
May heart with heart harmonious blend,
To hail your presence here again.

Oft in the past your full-fraught soul
Has thrilled us with its lore divine,
Made heaven's wrath in thunder roll,
Or cheered with promises benign.

Both flower and fruit will doubtless bloom
To beautify the path you've trod,
And blessings follow to the tomb
The faithful messenger of God.

November 6th, 1862.

TO A YOUNG MINISTER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Again is come your natal day;
How swiftly fly the wings of time!
Your life is still in pleasant May,
When all is beauteous and sublime.

With you the soul is strong in hope,
Untarnished by one touch of care;
The might of mind with wrong to cope,
We see in rich abundance there.

Earth groans beneath the curse of sin,
While men despise the path of right;
But you a crown of joy will win,
By pointing wanderers to the light.

I love to see your young eye roll
Indignant at the deeds of wrong,
Or hear your cheering accents fall
In all the melody of song.

Oft we've beguiled the lonely way
With joyous words of kindred lore,
Or wished the passing hour could stay
That we might drain the fountain more.

'Tis glorious, in this vale of tears,
That ever some, since time began—
Like the blessed stars when night appears—
Shed lustre on the name of man.

Let mad ambition's gory hand
Stain this fair earth with crime and woe,
Or avarice, with its golden band,
Bind sordid wretches here below.

There is a joy which thrills the soul
No sword can win, no gold can buy,
To make the broken-hearted whole,
And raise the down-cast poor on high.

Behold that Man of Nazareth—
Though only in a stable born—
Whose brow received the thorny wreath,
When life was spent 'mid want and scorn;

Yet from that lowly manger came
Those truths by sages never found,
To light mankind with purer flame,
And dash earth's idols to the ground.

Age after age has onwards rolled
Since Mary heard the angel-voice,
And men the wondrous tale were told
Which bade a weeping world rejoice.

Yet some would crush with puny hand
The symbol of the truth divine,
But thousands cry from land to land
Raise high the cross! behold the sign!

The warrior 'mid the cannon's roar,
 And tramp of hosts, with awe we see,
 But his stained laurels fade before
 The fishermen's of Gallilee.

Long may you live, my dear young friend,
 To walk the path those heroes trod
 In life or death, whose steadfast end
 Was bringing nations back to God.

October 23rd, 1861.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF
 MR. JOHN HINCHCLIFF AND FAMILY TO
 AUSTRALIA.

Can language be just to an old chosen friend,
 Whose firmness of heart no misfortune can bend ;
 Whose honesty none who have known him disprove,
 Fair and open in hate, undisguised in his love ?
 Though his manners sometimes, to the fop or the prude
 Or the rigid, seem somewhat eccentric and rude,
 Hypocrisy never has crouched at his door,
 He's a foe to pretence, but a friend to the poor ;
 And few who have known him can see him depart
 From the land of his fathers unsaddened in heart.
 With the wild waves before, and Old England behind,
 May Hope plume her wings o'er the clouds of his mind ;
 Wife and children surround him, to cheer and to bless,
 With a courage undaunted, to augur success.
 Though we now part in sorrow, we look to the time
 When in health we may welcome him back to our clime ;
 We shall almost be tempted to ring the "Old Bells,"
 While hailing him home to his old "Lamma Wells."

Though his life has been chequered, and much tempest-tossed,

By fortune's sad freaks though his wealth has been lost,
And sorrows domestic did grimly attend,
He has still had a heart and a glass for a friend.
Success to him, then ! may he quickly return
With coffers replenished, and strength still unworn ;
Old age be his crown, and, when laid in the earth,
May it be with his own in the land of his birth.

LINES TO MY GODCHILD, ANN DAY.

I look with joy on that sweet face,
Where beauty smiles, untouched by care,
Where sorrow yet has left no trace
To mar what God has pencilled there.

Thy days are all before thee, child ;
Still sleep'st thou on thy mother's breast
By life's temptations undefiled,
With nothing to disturb thy rest.

May virtue be thy guide through life,
Thy parents feel no pang for thee ;
And 'mid this vale of woe and strife
Be thou from sin's sad fetters free !

Thee from the blight of sickly years
May heaven in its mercy save,
And never may thy parents' tears
Fall on their offspring's early grave ;

Till crowned at last by length of days
May health and peace thy portion be ;
And, having walked in virtue's ways,
Be blest through all eternity.

February 19, 1862.

TO MISS W—, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Fair child of love, thy natal day
 Is not when Nature's flowers are gay,
 But when December's stormy time
 Sheds wintry honours on our clime.

And yet thou art a gem as rare,
 With eye as bright, and cheek as fair,
 To light thy parents' path on earth,
 As if young Spring had blessed thy birth.

No care or sorrow yet is thine,
 Affection's arms around thee twine,
 To guard thee from those ills of life
 With which our earthly state is rife.

From thy young mind there breathes a power
 That seldom marks the dawning hour,
 A quenchless longing still for more
 To thy already garnered store.

Far from the scenes of vice secure,
 By kindness taught, with soul so pure,
 Those graces that so sweetly bud
 Will bloom, the beautiful and good.

Oh ! 'mid thy blessings, darling child,
 Screeued from those dwellings sin-defiled,
 Remember those not blessed like thee ;
 Regard the poor with sympathy.

Prize thou thy mother's anxious thought,
 Her care for thee by gold unbought,
 The wealth of an o'erflowing heart ;
 And with her teachings never part.

Peace then shall crown thy after-days ;
 Both rich and poor shall give thee praise,
 And all the blessings earth has given
 Shall strew thy pathway up to heaven.

December 9th, 1861.

TO MISS W——— ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Darkly winter closes round us,
 Summer skies no longer glow,
 Woods, and fields, and hills that bound us
 Wear the solemn weeds of woe.

Birds no longer cheer the hours
 With the joyous gush of song ;
 Withered lie the beauteous flowers—
 Emblems of the deeds of wrong.

Tear-drops from the clouds are falling,
 As in sorrow for our woe ;
 Want, in trembling accents calling,
 Claims what plenty can bestow.

Dear one, 'mid the wreck of nations,
 And the havoc death has made,
 Watched by care, and love, and patience,
 Still you cheer the peaceful shade.

Time on downy wings has borne you
 Till another year is past,
 On life's pathway, rough and thorny,
 Safely havened from the blast.

Beautifying dark December—
 As a rose adorns the tomb—
 Long may riper years remember
 Glowing hope and early bloom.

Loving still, and being loved,
 In a world of hate and strife,
 From the snares of vice removed,
 Living the diviner life.

Woman's mission here below
 Never failing to fulfil,
 Sweetly soothing human woe,
 Pitying the frail one still.

In a parent's joy and pride
 You will find a rich return,
 Though a gilded world deride
 With the emptiness of scorn.

Ever on your natal day
 Thoughtfully review the past ;
 Trifles gathered by the way
 Form a glorious pile at last.

December 9th, 1862.

WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.

Free spirit of Britain ! bright handmaid of truth !
 Awaken and welcome the gallant Kossuth !
 Exiled from the land he would perish to save
 He now seeks a home with the noble and brave.

Oh ! shame to that land which so long has unfurled
 The tricolour flag to the gaze of the world !
 But then 'twas her tyrants—not people—who gave
 So vile a refusal to Kossuth the brave.

Oh ! land to which Cromwell and Hampden belong,
 Where the patriot Milton breathed freedom and song,
 Which echoes no longer the groans of the slave,
 Oh ! shont a loud welcome to Kossuth the brave !

Land which the feet of those martyrs have trod
Whose devotion to truth gave such glory to God,
Their bones might be strewn by the wind or the wave,
But their spirits will welcome thee, Kossuth the brave

Land where the tyrant long battled for power,
Where freedom's bud drooped ere it burst into flower!
Thy Russell and Sydney yet speak from the grave,
And bid us cry welcome to Kossuth the brave.

Oh! glorious land of the gallant and free,
Whose long-slandered names shed a halo on thee!
An island more hallowed no waters can lave,
And it breathes a heart's welcome to Kossuth the brave.

October, 1851.

STANZAS ON THE VISIT OF THE HUNGARIAN REFUGEES TO HOLMFIRTH.

Hail! victims in the glorious cause of justice and of right,
Down-trodden by barbaric foes, quelled in the unequal
fight;
Yet let not this hope's blossoms blight, nor blanch you
with dismay;
Remember that the darkest night will brighten into day!
Though robbers revel in your homes, and prey upon
your lands,
And o'er their wine cups laugh to scorn Hungaria's
gallant bands,
Yet despots tremble on their thrones—the time is
hastening on
When Russian bears and Austrian wolves shall pay for
every groan.

Take heart from noble Switzerland, and mark how
Gessler fell ;
The Austrian ranks were crushed beneath the battle-
axe of Tell.
That man should slay his fellow-man most deeply we
condemn ;
But where a Nicholas usurps there must arise a Bem.
Long as responsive breasts shall throb to honour virtue's
deeds,
Or tears of human sympathy flow when a country bleeds,
While hate to Hayna's bloody name shall thrill both
age and youth,
The homage of the universe shall gather round Kossuth.
A spirit chained for ages past now stirs mankind anew,
Old sit-fast tyrannies shall pass like shadows from our
view ;
And truth with angel-beauty crowned, love beaming in
the van,
Shall link in blessed brotherhood the family of man.
The tyrant growls within his lair, environed by his
power,
And thinks by dungeons to becloud Hungaria's dawning
hour.
Be true, brave patriots ! to yourselves, let right your
watchword be ;
And sure as God is true to man, your country shall be
free.
Spread light abroad, by speech and song ; in faithful
bands unite,
Until you see each giant wrong yield to the strength of
right.
The sun of freedom never shed such hopeful beams as
now ;
What earnest millions rear their heads, what want-
worn spirits glow !

Oh! glorious truth, so long inhumed, or only found by few,
Could stake or gibbet have consumed thy beauties from
our view;
Could despots in their pride of power have quenched
the eternal flame,
We had not hailed this happy hour to spread abroad
thy name.

The prophets of the olden time foresaw these hopeful days,
And waked their harps in strains sublime to hymn the
song of praise.

Beyond the clouds which gathered round the star of
promise rose,
The world, so long in bondage held, shall triumph o'er
its foes.

Let mind aid mind to spread the truth, and love the
cement be;
Then soon a blessed heritage shall cheer both you and me.
Hail! thou good time when war shall cease, and peace
triumphant reign,
And make this world of woe a paradise again.

May, 1851.

SONNET.

How sweetly on the earth the moonlight fell
 As we stood gazing ; and the silent stars,
 Like spirits sent to hush all worldly jars,
 Beamed forth their mystic radiance. Who can tell
 By what strange sympathy the souls that dwell
 In our frail tenements are heavenward borne
 On nights like these, which nought of earth can quell,
 Howe'er with care and labour we are worn !
 Though much of sin, and its sad offspring, woe,
 Blend their dark image with all lovely things
 In this our state, yet still our hearts can glow,
 Touched by that music Nature ever brings.
 How, 'mid such scenes, the enraptured soul can soar,
 When taught by them to worship God the more !

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

Balm is not borne on every breeze
 As lately it hath been ;
 A dying dirge bestirs the trees,
 The rude wind whistles keen.

The lark with thrilling melody
 No longer charms the ear,
 The woods could not more silent be
 If death were hovering near.

The flowers that bloomed on every stem
 Now droop, like maiden shorn
 Of virtue's precious diadem,
 In a cold world forlorn.

We gaze upon the sad decay,
 While lingering on the past ;
 And think how manhood's flush of May
 Must meet December's blast.

For earthly splendour we may give
 The priceless boon of time,
 Or dance the little life we live
 In pleasure's sunny clime.

Yet must we die, as summer dies,
 When winter's storm-god raves,
 'Twere well if then our deeds should rise
 And bloom above our graves.

October 2, 1861.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE OPENING OF THE FREE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, HOLMFIRTH.

None of the mighty ones of earth
 Have reared this beauteous house of prayer,
 But working men of humbler birth
 Have garnered up their earnings there.

With pious and unwearied zeal
 They've laboured on from day to day ;
 Determined for the common weal,
 Whatever evils paved the way.

And beats there one true English heart,
 Treads there one man on British sod,
 That would disdain to do his part
 To aid this temple of our God ?

Oh, no ! the humblest of the poor—
Though hard beset with toil and care—
Grieve only they can give no more ;
Give gladly what their means can spare.

Mother and daughter bravely join,
And ply the needle in this cause ;
What wonder, then, when they combine,
That victory crowns them at the close ?

When some proud battle flag is waved
In splendour o'er a bloody plain,
Some king is crushed, or nation saved,
And thousands of our fellows slain,

Shouts rend the air, and wild hurras
Deafen the victor in his car,
And our illumined cities blaze
In honour of the conqueror ;

Churches with loud Te Deums ring ;
His deeds are told in many a page ;
And bards in martial numbers sing
The mighty wonder of the age.

And shall we in this Christian land,
Which holds the peaceful cross so high,
Pass by unmarked this noble band,
And feel for them no sympathy ?

What though unskilled in polished lore,
With nought of pomp the eye to move,
They've learnt their Saviour to adore,
And labour in the cause of love.

Though few that men call great are there,
Though proud men's lips with scorn be curled,
The angels in their labours share,
To gather in a dying world.

With hearts sincere we bid them speed ;
Success to all their toil be given,
Assured that in their every need
They've sought and found the help of heaven.

LINES ON THE HOLMFIRTH WESLEYAN SCHOOL JUBILEE.

To me, and many here, this festive day
Recalls the scenes for ever passed away,
When Holmfirth worthies, with an awful rule,
Swayed rebel children in yon old grey school :
Plain as it is, for me it owns a grace
I never can in nobler structures trace ;
For there were planted, in my tenderest yonth,
The precious teachings of eternal truth ;
And, though in this sad world, with heart spell-bound,
I've sought for pleasure on forbidden ground—
Grasped at the shadows of inferior joy—
The man has never yet forgot the boy.
I love the old tombs where, at an early age,
With all the knowing wisdom of a sage,
I used to spell the names of buried men,
And felt quite learned to make out "Wolfenden."
It needs no bishop's sacerdotal state,
And holy hands, this ground to consecrate,
Where lie my children and my sires ; to me
That ground must ever blessed and hallowed be.
'Tis sweet, mid all the cares of anxious life —
The hair grown thin and bare with age and strife—
That memory's power still can truly trace
Through time's long vista scenes of early days ;

Through gloomy years of poverty or pain
Bring back "lang syne," and live it o'er again.
I love this rambling, scattered spot of earth,
This ugly, orderless, but snug Holmfirth ;
Strangers may laugh, but we who live in't see
Charms which to them are all a mystery :
Were this old place well gifted with a tongue,
'Twould tell of wondrous things since it was young,
How, love inspired, a firm, heroio band
The gospel trumpet blew throughout the land :
'Mid scorn and want, but strangers still to fear,
They heralded glad tidings even here ;
Shook into life again the slumbering dead,
While words of power like the winged lightning sped.
We, who in cushioned, comfortable pew
Can spend our Sabbaths where our childhood grew,
Think little how our mothers could determine
To carry babes for miles to hear a sermon ;
Yet mothers of such zeal and noted worth
Belonged to thee in days of old, Holmfirth !
How much we owe to them that's really good,
Who like stern ramparts in the battle stood,
Illumined the blank pathway of the blind,
And opened knowledge to the darkest mind ;
For where religion wins its struggling way
Soon bright intelligence salutes the day.
Before those times the children of the poor
Roamed in the lane or rambled on the moor
In dirt and ignorance, unknown to rule,
Till Christian patriots reared the Sabbath school.
The infidel might boast his shallow creed
Had he so helped us in our utmost need ;
But his sad trophies of two thousand years
Are seen in black remorse and death-bed tears.
That truth which braved the fiercest wrath of Paine,
Which Gibbon and Voltaire assailed in vain,

Whose fruits a Hume and Volney could not blight,
From land to land still beams its heavenly light ;
Millions of Bibles from our teeming press
Have found their way to elevate and bless
The sunken race of poor deluded man,
Despite the sceptic's sneer or Romish priesthood's ban.
Truth has outlived the massive dungeon walls,
The stake and gibbet of tyrannic souls ;
Even 'mid the falsehood of pretended friends
Its blessed sway but more and more extends.
Hail to the men of every Christian creed
Who live the Christian both in word and deed ;
Who o'er each other's failings can agree
To throw the mantle of sweet charity,
Bid petty jealousies for ever die,
As far beneath a true man's dignity,
Assist each other on the heavenly road,
To make this earth in truth the saints' abode ;
Such men as, in the olden time, achieve
That noblest badge of all, " See how those Christians
live !"
God of the nations, turn the hearts of men
From shedding blood, and piling fields with slain ;
Those savage remnants of the barbarous past
In gospel lands can surely never last ;
We hope for better times—such scenes as this
Must be the dawning of the day of peace.
Soon may it come, and bid the mourners live,
To feed the hungry, and our trade revive,
Shield our brave people and their weeping Queen,
Join every realm in harmony serene,
Bring that blest time to prophet's vision given,
When this vast globe shall hymn the praise of Heaven.

January 1st, 1862.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE.

Hail, glorious jubilee of spirits bright !

Herald of peace to England's future day !

Myriads of infant voices here unite

To bid barbaric darkness pass away,

And shake the tyrants from their demon sway.

Here are the elements of freedom's power,

The germs of beauty which will not decay ;

Drops which portend the vivifying shower,

The spirit-soothing beams of England's brightening hour.

Though deep the crimes, and dark the scenes of woe

Which stain the annals of our blessed land,

Though worth oft pines, while wealth with dazzling
show

Bids poverty in trembling wonder stand,

Yet when we gaze upon this noble band—

The men and women of the coming time—

Fear melts away, the wings of hope expand,

And point us to the prophecies sublime,

Where peace her olive waves o'er every happy clime.

Go on, brave workers in the field of truth,

This glorious scene repays your weary toil,

The thorns that rankle in the mind of youth

Shall pass away, and flowers begin to smile.

Though sterile be the aspect for awhile,

Which seems to make your arduous labours vain,

The constant hand will bend the ungenial soil,

A plenteous harvest reap from care and pain,

And what appears but loss will prove eternal gain.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

The strong man pines yonder, while foemen around
 Laugh loud o'er the victim by tyranny bound ;
 The wine cup is drained in Philistia's halls,
 The uncircumcised triumph, while Israel falls.

The daughters of Gaza, 'mid dancing and song,
 Hurling scorn on the vanquished, flaunt proudly along ;
 While the gods of the heathen, exalted on high,
 The power and the wrath of Jehovah defy.

" Bring forth Israel's champion, his fetters unbind,
 We have nothing to fear from the weak and the blind ;"
 And the cry rises high, up to heaven from earth,
 At the sight of his woes, " Let us revel in mirth ! "

The captive is brought, and that jubilant throng
 Wax wilder in laughter and louder in song,
 While the hills around Gaza fling back the refrain,
 " The great one has fallen that our people has slain ! "

Ah ! vain is the shout, unavailing the breath,
 Which so soon shall be hushed in the silence of death ;
 How little they recked, in their madness, that hour
 Would melt into nothing their insolent power.

In dark degradation the captive had mourned,
 His cry had been heard, and his strength had returned !
 The slave had departed, the hero was there,
 And the arm of omnipotent vengeance was bare.

Oh ! sad was the wailing around Gaza's proud hall,
 For thousands were crushed in the crash of its fall ;
 And the captive smiled grimly while yielding his breath,
 'Mid the wreck of his foes in the harvest of death !

March 9th.

LINES ON THE GREAT FLOOD AT HOLMFIRTH.

The cheek is blanched, the heart depressed with gloom,
And frantic horror hovers o'er this vale ;
Stern desolation marks our fearful doom,
And blends its darkness with the voice of wail.

The stately factory and the hoary tree,
Which, like our hills, the storms of heaven could
brave ;
The cot, the mansion, in this surging sea
Are lost beyond the power of man to save.

Our gathered wealth, the fruit of toil and care,
Which long had strewn its blessings on our path ;
All which the high or low deem great or fair,
Are turned to ashes by this monster's wrath.

Its onward sweep spared not the coffined dead,
These scattered tombs bear witness of its power ;
While chapless skulls, torn from their silent bed,
Darkened the gloom of that appalling hour.

The aged, young, rich, poor, securely slept,
Nor heard the deep howl of the frightful flood,
Till like a demon o'er their homes it swept,
And left but ruin where in peace they stood.

These lovely babes that smiling sought repose,
And nestled fondly on their mother's breast,
In that safe haven felt secure from foes,
Nor dreamed of aught which might disturb their rest.

This rosy boy, his father's boast and pride,
Laughed, talked, or sang himself to sleep that night ;
His little playthings safely laid aside,
He thought, with glee, to greet the morning light.

Oh ! fearful morn ! the father, mother, child,
Start from their slumbers in a yawning grave ;
The midnight hears their shrieks which, loud and wild,
Rise o'er the blast—but none are there to save.

Oh ! ye benevolent ! ye whose hearts bled
To see and hear this scene and tale of woe,
Look to the wants of those who pine for bread,
And God will bless the pittance you bestow.

February, 1852.

LINES.

COMPOSED ON VIEWING THE RUINS IN DIGLEY VALLEY.

Genius of musing ! wrapped in pall of gloom,
Come wander lonely through the vale of Holme,
Then rest thy wing upon these ruins bare,
Where faded greatness echoes back despair.
With fearful eye we view in yonder dell
Destruction's pit gape like a yawning hell,
Whence rolled the waters in unfettered wrath,
To scatter death and horror in their path.
This lofty pile, which braved the mighty flood,
In mournful silence tells where Digley stood,
Stands like a sentinel who guards the dead,
An awful monument of beauty fled.
Ah ! little now except these withered trees,
Which moan in sadness to the passing breeze,
And bend like mourners o'er their offspring's bier,
Tells how industry, life, wealth, flourished here.

In days of old, on this romantic spot
 Perchance some hermit formed his gloomy grot,
 Left the wide world in sorrow or in spleen,
 To ponder darkly on this rugged scene,
 Hatch plots, or pray in his sequestered den,
 Or weep in pity for the sins of men.

Or some poor Christian in this wild abode,
 Hid from his foes, in freedom worshipped God ;
 These hills alone his burning accents heard,
 His earthly friends the harmless bee and bird,
 The hand of Heaven his only guide and guard ;
 Here he reposed, then passed to his reward.

Or might some robber king — long passed away —
 Here on his sylvan throne bear rebel sway,
 Spread through Holme Vale the terror of his name,
 Yet found no minstrel to record his fame ?
 But cease conjecture from thy wanderings,
 O'er those dark times oblivion throws her wings,
 While awful facts to the bewildered eye
 Reveal the horrors of reality.

In later days one daring pioneer*
 Trade's independent standard planted here,
 With tireless energy by night or day,
 In this strange place, to wealth he won his way,
 Left in the ranks of peace a hero's claim —
 While "cut-throat bandits" kept the world in flame —
 Turned rapid torrents in this darksome glen
 To springs of industry for working men ;
 And though he fills no splendid niche of fame,
 Bequeathed his offspring an unsullied name.
 'Tis well he lived not to behold that day
 When one fell moment swept his wealth away,
 Dashed to the earth the darling schemes of men,
 And Digley changed to solitude again.

* The late Mr. John Hirst.

AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

There is a sad heart-rending look of woe
In that bewildered eye, where once the fire
Of mind shone, as it rose from things below,
On music's wings, to that celestial choir
Which surely mingled with her own sweet lyre,
So much of heavenly harmony was there ;
But now, alas ! no music can inspire
Her breaking heart : the canker-worm of care
Has blighted to the core that flower so fresh and fair !

Yon gay Lothario —like the evil one,
When he assumes an angel-form of light—
Beguiled the beauteous maid. She thought that none
With speech so fair, with intellect so bright,
Whose polished manners struck upon her sight
Like truth enrobed in beauty's loveliest form,
Would e'er have crushed her heart with such a blight ;
Then life to her no more possessed a charm—
She's drooping like a lily in the raging storm.

She roams in solitary paths alone,
Or wanders like a Naiad by the stream,
To blend with its soft murmurs her sad moan,
And brood upon the past as on a dream,
When joyous hope shed one illusive beam,
Then left her soul in night and passed away !
She was the child of love ; her heart did teem
With native goodness till that fearful day,
When falsehood laid her low in withering decay.

THE ENVIOUS MAN.

The envious man would only pine
If blest with a Peruvian mine ;
Detraction's accents ever flow—
Another's weal to him is woe.
But let his neighbour rise to wealth,
It jaundices his daily health,
And fiendish pleasure lights his face
To see that neighbour in disgrace.
By practising the art so long
Scorn flows most glibly from his tongue,
While venom rankles in his heart
If honour but reward desert.
Like some old tiger in his lair,
He growls the accents of despair
When any pathway is pursued
Whose object is the people's good.
For self must centre every plan
Of this unloved, unloving man ;
In all attempts to right the wrong
He sings one snarling, doleful song,
While feelings most malignant rise
When baffled in his prophecies.
The eyes with grief however dim
Excite no sympathy in him,
As soon his withered heart would feel
If panoplied in ribs of steel :
And thus he maunders on through life,
With others and himself at strife.
For him no bosom fondly glows,
For him no flower in beauty grows,
For him it yields no rich perfume,
For him the sky is palled with gloom,
For him all goodness is alloy,
And earth the burial place of joy.

Thus, full of canker and of rust,
He grumbles on till "dust to dust"
Completes life's miserable race :
Would there were none to take his place !

September 19th, 1860.

A PEEP AT MANKIND.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H.

Fair owner of a well-stored mind,
Come stand with me awhile, and gaze
On that strange medley called mankind,
And laugh or weep at wayward ways.

Various gifts on various men
The God of life and light bestows ;
That happiness we may attain,
And chase the gloom of human woes.

Whence comes it, with a glorious heaven
In prospect for a well-spent time,
With faculties divinely given,
We groan beneath remorse and crime ?

The sun still shines, and stars, at night,
Beam on this struggling, tortured earth
As calmly as if war and blight
Were only objects of their mirth.

Fell tyrants dare the wrath of God,
And wallow in their wine and lust ;
Poor wretches creep along the sod,
And mumble humbly for a crust.

The pampered priest, whose life accords
But strangely with the Nazarene,
Whose deeds speak louder far than words
His love to feed in pastures green;

Fast as the bark clings to the tree,
His soul is bound to Mammon's shrine;
A people struggling to be free
Gain little by a priestly line.

Bright knowledge opens wide her page,
Which thousands as a serpent shun;
Myriads of fools by fashion's rage
And folly's poisoned cup are won.

Strained laughter bares the hideous teeth,
Owls hoot around the midnight bowl;
Death hovers, with funereal wreath,
In horrid mockery of the whole.

And this the seething human hoards
Call draining pleasure-draughts from life,
While thought gives place to ribald words,
And conscience writhes beneath the strife.

The fawning hypocrite is there,
Fast tied to Dives' purple robe;
Behold his sycophantish air!
He's smooth enough to tempt a Job.

With haggard eyes and bloated cheek,
An abject mass of rags and gin;
Hark! how the earthly demons shriek,
In yon dark holes of death and sin!

Where are the watch-tower and the cry
Which hosts of God's own priests should raise?
See them with holy scorn pass by,
Or coldly at a distance gaze.

Most who the Gospel trumpet blow
On earth's high places seek to tread ;
While squalid wretches crawl below,
And scramble for their daily bread.

In this blest isle of truth and light,
What murders stain the daily page ;
Even lovely woman's deeds of night
Make virtue blush from age to age.

Millions of Bibles guard the land,
Ten thousand parsons preach and pray ;
Yet dark oppression's galling hand
Compels the toil-worn wretch to pay.

The cold freethinker's words of gall
Scorn even the God which gave him life ;
But as the ages onward roll,
Truth must rise upward in the strife.

Oh ! glorious truth ! the demon hate
Which man to man so long hath borne,
Which binds him to his low estate
Must vanish in a brighter morn.

The vengeful God of baleful war
Still blasts all beauty in his path,
Rides onward in his blood-stained car,
And crushes all beneath his wrath.

Yet still our earth is bright and fair,
The trees still bloom and flowerets blow ;
And the Creator's watchful care
Makes the full cup of plenty flow.

Sustained by hope's prophetic gaze,
The great and good of every clime
See, through the gloom of darkest days,
The glories of an unborn time.

'Mid tyrant's curses, loud and deep,
 And dungeon bar, and clanking chain,
 The seed was sown ; mankind must reap
 A crop of joy for woe and pain.

Then let us live, my new-found friend,
 While time below to us is given,
 That better life, whose aim and end
 Is making earth resemble heaven.

AN ADDRESS IN RHYME.

Well, friends, om sure aw cannot tell
 What aw mun say this taum ;
 Ov nout ut all to give i' prose,
 Aw'm bun to doot i' raume.

Aw ommost think when aw wor here,
 If reightly aw remember,
 Aw promist summat raither queer
 To read yo this November.

But taums av latly been so bad,
 A wause man thid bewilder ;
 Aw've had enough, this yer, ta think
 Ya aw mut keep mi childer.

When th'brain's so rack'd wi' anxious care,
 Un all to ruin runs,
 Yo've just abeat enough to do
 To bar yor door o' duns.

Un if a man's a anxious maund,
 Un cannot clear his way,
 A shop-bill scars him lauke a ghocest,
 Un rent-days turn him grey.

But here wi are, wi' decent health,
 Gooed tea un' harmless laughter,
 Besaude a bit o' food for th' maund ;
 Leave grumblin', then, wol after.

Win met to get a bit mooer strength
 To help to bear laufe's troubles ;
 Ne'er care, then, when ther e'er so black,
 Thi sometaunes flawn lauke bubbles.

Un if yo maund un do yor best,
 (This gooed advause should suit yo) :
 It sweetens monny a bitter pill
 To know yon dooen yor duty.

Some foock ul sit un son o'th' spot—
 This plan ul ne'er avail us—
 Un some ul curse un kick ther wauves
 Un dreand ther griefs ith' alhous.

Just wol om here ol tell yo plain,
 Whatever yo may think,
 A bigger curse to all nt's gooed
 Yo cannot faund nor drink.

Aw've traud it mony a taum miseln,
 When things us gooen across ;
 Aw'm sure yo knone ns weel us me
 Ut all aw gained wor loss.

Un if a man's a thickish skull,
 Ut's ne'er been rubb'd wi thinkin'—
 If Natur's left him raither short,
 He'll sooen loise all wi' drinkin'.

Aw kno yon sometaums yerd it said
 Ut drink ul sharpen th' senses ;
 It mayz um sharply run away,
 Un yon to pay th' expenses ;

It nips yor futur laufe i' th' bud,
 It mars yor present pleasure;
 For nother brass nor decent lass
 Ul be a drunkard's treasure.

Un if hoos decent when hoos wed,
 A drunken whom ul spoil her;
 Hool scoen be sittin' lost i' muck,
 Un proppin' th' hoom or th' boiler.

A workin' man's a hardish lot
 To keep a oppen dooer;
 Un then what rubs un snubs he gets
 Thro' puppies, 'cause he's pooer.

Ne'er maund, lets traw un do ur best
 To mend ursein un others;
 Let wealth un praudie say what thi will,
 Wer all a band o' brothers.

Un Natur, tho' hoos oft been blamed,
 Look what hoo spreads afooer us—
 Ther's hills, 'un dales, un woods, un fields;
 Birds singin' i' full choorus.

The poorest man can yer un see,
 Ya ivver fast he's pinned;
 Un larks, un thrastles sing for nought,
 As sweet as Jenny Lind.

Let rich men's nooses curl wi' scorn,
 Lords burden us wi taxes;
 Wi oft digesten what wi eight,
 Un th' geat but seldom racks us.

Un then, i' this brave land o yars,
 Wi' all ur cause for crokin',
 Win liberty to read un think,
 Un awlis t'chonce o' talkin'.

Ya grand it is, o' neets lauke this,
 To meet withyat a row, sir,
 Once thid a stick'd ur feet i' th' stocks,
 Or stuff'd us into Towzer.

If yar yatspokken cheerman here
 Ud liv'd when taums wor ruder,
 He wod o' had some length o' band
 Thro' Lady Betsy Tudor.

But neah win sich a glorious Queen—
 May heaven's blessings tent her—
 Hoo quoitly leaves to feight it heeat
 Booeth Churchman un Desenter.

Aw ommost think ov said enough,
 As mitch us yol remember ;
 If all be we weel, ol tran aghean
 To pleease yo neist November.

November, 1862.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. —

Of old remains and curious lore
 You have indeed an ample store ;
 Enough, I thought, when I did see 'em,
 To fill a decent-sized museum :
 Old writings, which, in every page,
 Throw light upon a bygone age ;
 Which make the village of Holmfirth
 Great, long ere you or I had birth,
 And tell us—what is truth most certain—
 About our dealings with Kirkburton ;
 And how the people of our town
 Helped Noll to knock King Charlie down.

I saw old pistols, guns, and swords
Ranged on the walls, or hung on boards ;
A rifle that would send a ball
From Sudehill Church to Wooldale Hall ;
A stag's head half decaying stood,
Struck off by force of Robin Hood ;
A carved and polished human head
Cut from Queen Mary's second bed ;
You've got the very cannon ball
That killed King Charles at Fredericshall
(If folks be puzzled while this reading,
I mean King Charles the Twelfth of Sweden) ;
A warming pan—upon my life—
The property of Shakspere's wife ;
Three chests—believe me if you can, sir—
That held the gold of Daniel Dancer ;
The very knife—as I'm a sinner—
With which old Chaucer ate his dinner ;
A piece of stone that once did grow, man,
Upon the top of great Ben Lomond ;
Fossils—in these I have small skill—
Dug from the bowels of Horn-hill ;
Old coins—whose ages you may guess—
From Constantine to good Queen Bess ;
An Amazon in black robes equipped,
The wife of Pharoah, king of Egypt ;
Besides old books, quaint epitaphs,
At which the saddest reader laughs ;
And files of antiquated papers
Through which my fancy cut such capers,
That, just to pass an hour of time,
I've spun this web of tangled rhyme.

LINES ON THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Shall the clangour of war again sound in our ears,
And Europe be deluged with blood and with tears,
The flowers of peace be uprooted and torn,
And freedom sit weeping o'er manacles worn ?

We love not the glory by battle-fields won,
To see famine complete what stern war has begun,
But never must Britons bear back from the fight
When despots would trample on justice and right.

Too long has dread ruin marked grimly their path,
And freedom been quenched in the scowl of their wrath,
Then free wave our banner—for now is the hour
When the Russ must be stopped in his madness of power.

Too long has this Atilla sped on his way ;
Too long in fierce pride has he mangled his prey,
Like a demon of wrath, bearing death on his wings,
To the strength of the nations defiance he flings.

Did that patriot spirit with Wellington die
Which struck down the despot that towered so high ?
No ! still shall it blanch the fell tyrant with fear,
Inspired by a Eaglan and dauntless Napier,

Then commerce with blessings shall gladden our day,
Religion and science their glory display,
Vile tyranny's requiem be sung o'er its grave,
And peace spread her wings o'er the land and the wave.

AN OLD WARRIOR'S LAMENT

Calm, and dignified with age,
Snowy white his scattered hairs,
Deep, in memory's faithful page,
A warrior mused on former years,

As the scenes of wayward youth
Flashed like meteors o'er his mind,
He would mourn departed truth
From degenerate mankind.

He would tell how stalwart men
Fought the battles of their king ;
Proudly talk how foemen slain
Glory to a nation bring.

How we rode on triumph's car
Through the bloody fields of Spain ;
How we sunk, at Trafalgar,
Hetzombs of ships and men.

Fire would light his eye and brow
At the battles Nelson won ;
He, at sound of Waterloo,
Would shout the name of Wellington.

Would say in England's palmy days,
How, with thanks, the churches rung,
When returned from conflict's blaze
Warriors "Te Deum" sung.

Then the iron hand of law
Quelled the murmurs of the crowd,
Kept the rebel press in awe,
Handcuffed slaves who groaned aloud.

Then were firebrands quenched in blood,
Demagogues the halter graced,
Bread and water was his food
When the man opposed the priest.

Now, a vile, ignoble band
Cast our glories into shade ;
Jews and merchants rule the land,
“Blood and thunder” changed to trade.

England’s in the yellow leaf,
Withering like a sapless oak ;
And her aged son, with grief,
Sees her bound with golden yoke.

October 7th, 1851.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Again shall England’s bread tax rise,
And famine glare with wolfish eyes,
The many with starvation pine,
That few on costly fare may dine ?
Shall commerce droop its widening wing,
Cramped by the “scorpion’s” deadly sting,
And England’s millions then be fed
On “curry-powder” and dear bread ?
Great spirit of the age arise,
And open all the people’s eyes,
Bid them come forth in moral might,
To crush the wrong and guard the right,
Nor let the sophist’s voice delude ;
Oh ! keep us all from being Jew’d,
Smite Disraeli both “hip and thigh,”
And frustrate Derby’s policy.

Shall brilliant turns of Jewish wit
Gull Mr. Bull to famine's pit,
Impress on John's most sapient head
That plenty means a lack of bread,
Persuade him, as in days of yore,
'Tis policy to starve the poor,
To exercise especial care
And keep their heads and bodies bare ?
No ! John is learning from the past
To trust his own good sense at last.
His bluff and sturdy soul once roused,
Quack statesmen soon shall be unhoused,
Nor play, as erst, the trickster's game,
To load us with expense and shame.
Though robbed and tricked on every hand,
The great scapegoat of many a land
His blood and money from him wrung,
Self-weakened to make others strong,
Chief loser in the fights he won,
There's still a "heart of oak" in John.
The people nerved his arm in war,
The people kept undimmed his star,
Down-trodden and despised so long,
That people's voice is waxing strong.
The myriad workers, charmed to think,
By magic power of pen and ink,
By knowledge passed from head to head,
Will bear no tax on daily bread.
Tyrants with jealous anger fraught,
Denounce the fearful crime of thought,
Still strive (and ever strove) to turn
The "thoughts that breath and words that burn"
From lighting up the minds of those
Who groan beneath oppressive laws.

But truth still lives, and error's tide,
 Though high, shall yet be dashed aside ;
 Lives, now uncooped by dungeon walls
 To paralyse tyrannic souls,
 Lives yet, in spite of rack or fire,
 The priesthood's hate, the despot's ire,
 The bland but hypocritic guise
 Of those who blind the people's eyes,
 Lives, aided by the press and pen,
 The earnest strife of honest men,
 To scatter, as from angel's wings,
 On earth its precious gatherings.

March 31st, 1852.

THE INVASION PANIC.

Peace be to England ! This may seem strange talk,
 When every noodle's head is full of France,
 And martial whiskers, stern as British oak,
 Seem daringly determined to advance
 And give invading whiskers the first stroke.
 Napoleon will never have the chance
 To show his virgin valour, ere the fishes
 Embrace him as the daintiest of dishes.
 Shall England's flag—of other flags the wonder—
 Be torn by an usurper of king's rights ?
 And, after so much spent in blood and thunder
 To pension “heroes of a hundred fights,”
 Behold legitimacy's crutches founder !
 We listening still to Cobdens and to Brights ?
 Rise, Noodledom ! “the cry is still they come ;”
 Hark ! mount ! it is the Bonapartist drum.

John Bull, awaken to thy ancient glory,
 Open thy purse, that noble thieves may enter ;
 Though Rads may rave against a good old Tory,
 Or milk-and-water Whig, with lungs like Stentor.
 The common herd, 'tis true, hate games so gory,
 And prate of tyranny as wise as Mentor.
 Poor fools, 'twill sure suffice that such as they
 Shall wear red coats, with thirteenpence a day.

Ye guardians of our glorious constitution,
 Haters of those vile creatures called the people,
 Patriots with whom all vice finds absolution
 Save poverty, sound props of church and steeple,
 The consecrated whips of persecution,
 Ye (whomsoever sow) who never reap ill,
 Keep knowledge from the minds of Britain's sons,
 By paper taxes and the peal of guns.

I know this language is extremely low;
 To call a spade a spade is worse than treason
 With that soft-sawder-class who strive to throw
 Their polished balls to blind both truth and reason,
 Whose ears the more they're pulled the longer grow,
 Who bray up every genteel vice in season,
 And give the labouring poor sweet consolation
 By boasting of the wealth of our great nation.

O, glorious cant! soft balm for every wound,
 Great spell that binds the pulpit and the bar ;
 The camp in thee a friend, too, always found,
 All potent ruler both in peace and war ;
 Smooth tongued, all faced, oft by truth's mantle bound,
 Thy honeyed words can set whole realms ajar ;
 Deceiving, flattering, mischief-brewing elf,
 Robbing mankind of millions of their pelf.

O, mighty land for bibles and for cannon,
 For preaching sermons and for tightening throats; *
 Here, vile as any clime heaven lays its ban on;
 There, breathing peace and freedom's loudest notes:
 'Tis time the purger came to lay his fan on,
 To sweep the chaff away and leave the oats;
 That bees no more be crushed to get their honey,
 John Bull get clearer brains and guard his money.

February 7th, 1853.

KOSSUTH, THE PATRIOT.

Calm-fronted, and in aspect most serene,
 Though only burning with deep-seated thought,
 First—but unvaunting—in the conflict seen,
 When iron-souled tyrants, linked to set at naught
 His country's freedom, erst so dearly bought,
 Arm, demon like, to raise the cry of woe,
 And, spurning all the good have ever sought,
 Blanch virtue's cheek, black horror's furnace blow,
 And light his fatherland with conflagration's glow.
 Oh! then from clime to clime his voice is heard,
 And myriads answer myriads in their roar,
 As when wild waves are by the storm-god stirred,
 To dash their vengeance'gainst the rock-bound shore;
 Though scathed and torn the standard which he bore,
 To crush the tyrant and unchain the slave,
 Yet is his spell more potent than before,
 For he is loved by all the good and brave,
 Though banished from the land his valour could not
 save.

* Capital punishments.

He speaks the grand old thoughts of England's mind,
And fair America's, its mighty child,

His words of fire chase darkness from the blind ;
The wrongs which despots on his name have piled
Leave still its fame and beauty undefiled.

His glorious deeds emit no empty glare,
Then sink, like ignis-fatua on some wild,
But, like firm faith borne up on wings of prayer,
They point to freedom's goal, to tyranny's despair.

Tremble, ye tyrants, on your crime-built thrones ;
The day of vengeance casts prophetic gloom ;
For ages past starvation's sighs and groans
Have been your music, and your sweetest perfume
A patriot rotting in his prison tomb.

Hath not the blood of centuries gorged your souls,
But ye will still cry " Give, we yet have room ? "
Start to new life, ye trampled Huns and Poles,
The " might of right " must rise even from a thousand
falls.

And dost not thou, proud France, still " champ the bit,
And foam in fetters ? " Has philosophy—
Thy catalogue of men by whom was writ
Such mighty tomes on man's equality—
Taught thee—thou Europe's maniac—thus to be
The football of thy priesthood's base buffoon ?
Rise from thy babyhood of liberty ;
Follow no more the " changes of the moon ; "
Nor crouch before the shade of dead Napoleon.

December, 1851.

THE DYING YEAR.

The dying year is on its verge,
To mingle with the past ;
Still are we left like mariners
To buffet with the blast.

What wave-worn souls of every age
Have gained a peaceful shore
Since last I heard those village bells
Their midnight music pour !

When this departing year was young,
I saw a lovely child
Reclining on its mother's breast,
And smiling when she smiled.

But mark ! now o'er a little grave
That mother bends her form,
The face which then smiled upon hers
Now feeds the hungry worm.

I saw a boy look on the world,
Amazed at all he saw,
The rose-bud promised on his cheek
Long life and health below.

Now, all I hear of that sweet boy
Is a sad parent's tale :
His little chair is empty now—
He sleeps in yonder vale.

As a tall ship springs on the wave
With its proud sails unfurled,
I saw, in all the flush of life,
A youth burst on the world.

Vainly was told the olden tale
That rocks are near the shore,
In vain Experience shook his head,
Earth's sorrows to deplore.

He laughed, he quaffed the wine of life,
Down to the very lees :
Now, o'er his head the withered grass
Waves in the wintry breeze.

I saw a man in mid-way life,
Blest with domestic joys,
Like gentle flowers in summer bloom
His children met his eyes.

His heart's dear partner surely seemed
A queen of bliss below ;
Health, industry, and love were there,
What more could earth bestow !

Ah ! whose is that pale face I see,
Those eyes bent in despair,
Those withering orphan little ones
That pine in misery there ?

Death—ever watchful for his prey,
So sure, so cruel too—
Has struck the life-supporting root
From which those branches grew.

I love in solitude to walk
Beneath a twilight sky,
I love with reverend age to talk
Of seasons long gone by.

In my lone rambles oft I've met
A tottering, grey, old man,
And heard with joy his lengthened tale,
Of days ere mine began.

As how his limbs tripped o'er the ground
 On which but now he crept,
 How good old manners from the land
 By modern fools were swept.

New fire would light his aged eye,
 His trembling hand would wave,
 As if the memory of the past
 Could keep him from the grave.

I view that cot where long he lived,
 Those walks where late he strayed,
 They seem as wont, but that old man
 Reposes in the shade.

Thus Time and Death will take us all;
 Alas! it soon shall be,
 That what I now say of mankind,
 Mankind shall say of me.

LINES

ON SEEING A GOLD COIN OF ONE OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS,
 FOUND IN SOUTH LANE, HOLMFIRTH, NOW IN THE
 POSSESSION OF J. HARPIN, ESQ.

The vanished glories of Rome's sunny days
 Gleam on our vision as we look on thee,
 Bright mirror of the past, on which no trace
 Of Time's effacing finger can we see ;
 Though sixteen hundred years, incessantly,
 Have waved across thy brow, on tireless wings,
 To the vast ocean of eternity !
 Sweeping away all perishable things,
 From men of humblest grade up to the loftiest kings.

Thy beauty, shrined in darkness, lingered on
From age to age, as world on world reeled by,
Unconscious of what came or what was gone :
The savage Pict trod o'er thee, but his eye
Met not thy lustre ; the wild battle cry
Of Saxon, Dane, and Norman, rent our isle
Successively ; while murder, treachery,
Ambition, avarice, reared their funeral pile ;
Well might'st thou hide thy tempting, glittering form
the while.

Though silent, yet hast thou a voice that speaks
In deeper language to the feeling heart
Than even the tone which from loud thunder breaks ;
For from thy depths what worlds of phantoms start,
Which, to the glowing fancy, do impart
A new creation of the mighty dead :
The grand of old, the great in every art,
The proud to whom all nations bowed the head,
The rich, the vile, the mean, all shrank into the shade.

Whose was the hand that last was pressed on thee ?
Wert thou the meed of some poor peasant's toil,
Whose feet were hastening to his family,
To crown their hopes, and light the genial smile
Of rustic plenty round his fireside pile,
Where rosy children played with young delight,
Strangers alike to luxury or guile ?
But ah ! his joyous day was changed to night
When thou, his little all, hadst vanished from his sight.

Or did some fair one with her lily hand
Last leave her delicate pressure on thy brow,
Blushing like May upon a sunny land ;
Laughing as if the stream of life could flow
Unmixed by poison from the cup of woe ;

Her motions like the trembling of a flower
When o'er its loveliness soft breezes blow ;
Her charms, seeming immortal in their power ?
But ah ! she laughed, she wept, then vanished in an
hour.

Thus would conjecture thy dark web unweave,
By penetrating the dim mist of years.
Perchance some lone old earth-bound wretch might
grieve,

And mourn for loss of thee with sighs, and tears,
And piteous accents, that ne'er soothed the ears
Of sorrow's pale, distressed, and weeping child :
Did no one mark him tearing his grey hairs,
Wringing his hands most frantically wild,
And screaming, "Gold ! my gold !" as men regardless
smiled ?

Whose'er thou wert, South Lane has been thy grave
Through long, long centuries of densest gloom.
In thy young days Rome's bloody flag did wave,
And the fierce eagle reared his dazzling plume,
And shook his talons, only to consume
The nations that were writhing in his grasp :
But ah ! a greater power had spoke his doom ;
In his own bosom lurked the poisonous asp,
And soon his former prey hailed his expiring gasp.

Whose'er thou wert, now on that downy bed,
As if thy age required such soft repose,
Thou seem'st like one new risen from the dead,
To mark, not scenes of gladiatorial woes,
Where every groan was echoed by applause ;
Not captives dragged at conquerors' chariot wheels,
Whom tyranny and wrong hath made their foes ;
But the vast power which intellect reveals
When man is truly man, and his true greatness feels.

ON SOLITUDE.

Hail Solitude ! blest power which calms the soul
 When it would pry into its own recess ;
 Or bring a world within its vast control,
 To paint its grandeur or its loveliness.
 With flowers the mind can clothe the wilderness,
 Secluded calmly from the world's vain hum ;
 And feel the exalted glow, the rapturous bliss
 At its creations, which like " spirits come "
 From out the " vasty deep " of thought's mysterious
 womb.

Hail new-born day ! the landscape from its sleep
 Seems rising robed in glory, and the sun,
 Whose thousand thousand playful splendours sweep
 The mist-clad mountains, sweetly smiles upon,
 And wakes mankind to life. To be alone,
 And trace God's handiwork in every flower,
 And see the beauties of design, where none
 Can rob our feelings of their thrilling power—
 Oh ! 'tis a paradise, this solitary hour.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis lovely when the moon shines bright,
 And stars beam forth their golden light ;
 When heavenly beauty breathes around,
 While hushed is every earthly sound.

'Tis lovely when a Prattling child,
 Ere by the snare of sin beguiled—
 When just begun its little hour—
 Gathers its first spring blooming flower.

But lovelier far that solemn bed,
 Where the last sands of life are sped ;
 When holy peace is settled there,
 The soul gone hence on wings of prayer.

STANZAS

ON HEARING THE VILLAGE CHURCH BELLS.

There's music even in the soft sweet air
When summer twilight flings its purple bloom,
And sheds a calmness o'er each earth-born care ;
While ceasing labour marks the past day's doom,
And rustic children, in their mountain home,
Climb with delight a poor fond father's knee,
Or dance with joy around the humble room ;
Pure nature in her loveliest garb we see,
'Mid such sequestered scenes of rural ecstacy !

There's music, too, even in the tempest-boom
Of hoary winter, and a wild delight
Cmingles with the desolating gloom
Which hides the mountains from my aching sight ;
When throned on clouds and winds, Jehovah's might
By trembling, mortal man is dimly seen,
My spirit plumes its pinions for flight,
And revels with that life which marks the scene
Of Nature's mighty strife since ever time hath been.

But hark ! Now 'tis the holy Sabbath morn,
And sounds of sweeter music hereward wave ;
Now soft—now full—on fitful breezes borne,
Bidding us to the feast which Jesus gave
For all mankind, in palace, cot, or cave ;
Listen, oh ! man ; 'tis no fierce trump that swells
Its tones that rouse to bloody deeds the brave,
Or drown their dying groans, or piercing yells ;
No ! 'tis our peace-proclaiming, humble village bells.

From yonder tower, like voices from high heaven,
They hymn the swiftly-flying feet of time ;
Each hour that flies, a warning peal is given,
So sad and startling to the man of crime,

Or him whose hopes seek not a higher clime,
Or him who, when he's quaffed the night away,
While wandering homeward meets the awful chime :
True, bad men's sensibilities decay,
Yet, ever and anon, will conscience bear the sway.
And tones like these may bring the forms of death,
Which twine their horrors round our hopes of life ;
We deem it hard to part with fleeting breath,
Though blent with pestilence, disease, and strife,
With which our earthly destiny is rife ;
However clouds may brood, or storms may blast,
Though scarcely hope bids the dark soul revive,
We cling to what we see even to the last ;
And shiver on the brink which former worlds have
passed.

"Tis strange that heaven-born intellect—that mind
Should tremble at the thought of being free;
And cast so many "lingering looks behind"
On the gross clay which cramps its energy.
Why is this so ? Doth it not seek to be
Joined to that nature whence its spark was blown ?
Doth it not feel its immortality ?
This it may feel, but guilt's dark seeds are sown ;
It longs for heaven's high bliss, but is by earth bound
down.

Yet there are some to whom yon tones bring joy,
A few with whom even death has lost its sting,
A few whose earthly hopes with their alloy
Are all out-soared by hopes of loftier wing,
Which know no rest, which feel no slackening
Till they have found their only home in heaven.
Ah ! at these few the world its scorn may fling ;
These in the whirl of fortune may be riven,
But mark that Christian smile ! their foe—the world's
forgiven.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

Oh ! art thou gone, our own dear boy,
To thy celestial home ?
Where bliss is felt without alloy,
Life's light without its gloom.

We gaze upon thy beauteous clay,
Stretched on its little bed,
But there no traces of decay
Proclaim thee surely dead.

The smile of heavenly repose
So calmly triumphs there ;
It makes us half forget our woes,
And banish our despair.

Oh ! thou didst brighten, lovely child !
The grief of many an hour ;
A halo cast o'er this waste wild
Of talismanic power.

We hailed with joy thy opening day,
A pledge on us bestowed,
To guard thee from the evil way,
And train thee up for God :

But as a flower before the blast
In drooping beauty dies,
Even so thy spring-time bloom hath passed,
In shadowy death it lies.

We thought when wintry storms had fled,
Our dearly cherished boy
Should roam with us on moor or mead,
And share our summer joy.

We marked with pride the enlarging soul
Beam in thy bright blue eye ;
Thy bold free glances cast on all,
Like sun-light from on high.

We looked to future time when thou
Might'st watch our day to eve ;
When stern disease should lay us low,
That thou for us would'st grieve.

Vain, vain illusion ! like the dew
In spangled beauty spread,
Such visions vanished from our view—
Our little boy is dead.

Oh ! dreary tomb ! thy cold embrace
Will press that pallid brow ;
And worms its loveliness efface,
Should tears for ever flow.

Yet 'mid this gloom a star appears,
To light our path 'tis given ;
That whether brief or full our years,
We all may meet in heaven.

LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS KAYE, THE HOLMFIRTH HUNTSMAN, WHO DIED APRIL, 10, 1861, IN HIS 80TH YEAR.

Though he lived long, the old man's gone at last ;
No more he'll breathe the huntsman's stirring blast ;
Though fleet as reynard in his youthful prime,
At length he's yielded to the hand of Time ;
Blithe as a lark, dressed in his coat of green,
With hounds and horn the gallant man was seen,
But, ah ! death came ; worn out and full of years,
He died in peace, mourned by his offspring's tears.

OLD JIM.

To pass a peaceful hour of time,
And please a harmless whim,
I'll spin a verse or two of rhyme
About my old friend Jim.

Long was he known to local fame,
Though poor as poor could be :
A doctor, when the state was lame,
Of wondrous skill was he.

Much noise he made for fifty years—
As Underbank can tell—
With speech and song, both loud and long,
He hammered tyrants well.

Like Sayers or Heenan, Jim would maul
At monarch, priest, or chief;
The rebel even dared to call
A thievish lord a--thief. ,

Oft round the town of good Holmfirth
The old man trudged along,
And swept oppressors from the earth
Most valiantly—in song.

For Whigs and Tories, and such stuff,
Old Jim ne'er cared a pin ;
With might and main his blows, like rain,
Fell on the party—in.

He, like too many low-bred men,
Despising wealth and show,
Thought priests should all be meek and plain,
As Jesus was below.

Crude notions was he hampered with
Of labour and its claims;
He wished such men as Adam Smith
And Malthus in the Thames.

Like many a nobler patriot, Jim
Was torn by faction's fangs;
The gaping crowd made mouths at him,
And laughed at his harangues.

Some said, "A precious loon is he
To patch a tattered state,
With breeches burst at either knee,
Hat brimless on his pate!"

With loud, shrill tones of limping song
He told poor England's doom;
But, though he ever wagged his tongue,
He seldom wagged his loom.

Few were, indeed, the old man's foes,
And none could laugh him down;
He bawled too much on others' woes
To remedy his own.

Yet bravely held he to the last—
Tough as a stout old oak;
But, though he'd faced life's roughest blast,
Death felled him at a stroke.

April, 1862.

TO ——, ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Your wedding day is come at last,
The all-important knot is fast ;
You and your partner will be heirs
To many joys, and many cares.

An early union with a wife
May guard you from the snares of life,
And keep you from the dangerous road
Where stands the drunkard's vile abode.

The tie for better or for worse
May prove a blessing or a curse,
And on yourselves—as time will show—
Will much depend for weal or woe.

Each other never strive to grieve ;
By yielding good, you good receive ;
Though life has thorns as well as flowers,
Yet kindness gilds the darkest hours.

May you be free, in coming years,
From old grim want, and sorrow's tears ;
And when your married life is past,
May peace attend you at the last.

May 3rd, 1862.

THE TEETOTALER AND THE DRUNKARD.

Not far from here—perhaps a short half-mile—
In cottage where contentment seems to smile,
Dwells an old friend—a beak-nosed little man,
Formed after Nature's very shrewdest plan ;
'Mong men and things he's got such wondrous skill
That Satan's self could scarcely cheat old Will ;
Sharp-visaged, with an eye much like the hawk,
His words, being few, are weighed before they're spoke.
But to the point : a man who loves strong ale,
Once on a time, most fiercely did assail
My good friend Will on the teetotal scheme,
Maintaining that it was an old wife's dream,
Called its adherents fools, and railed, and raved,
Frothed at the mouth, his tattered coat sleeve waved ;
Called every temperance advocate a glutton,
Said, if they drank less ale, they ate more mutton.
Friend Will was very quiet all the while,
Then, creeping by degrees, a cunning smile
Stole o'er his face. He said : " Dear friend, I grant
'Mid all thy foolish ribaldry and rant,
The end of thy mad speech (how few could beat it),
We eat more, lad ; for why ? 'cause we can get it."

UN OUD TALE IN A NEW DRESS.

Booeth men un women far un near,
 Knew pooer laime Sally weel ;
 Hoo did mooer tolkin ivery year
 Nor Gladstone, Brougham, un Peel.
 Hoo little owned o' this big yerth,
 But chonce o' limpin on it,
 Un yet hoo'd friends o' long traud worth—
 Hur crutches, clooak, un bonnet.
 But if poor Sally then wor oud,
 Hoo had befoore been young ;
 Noa lass ut lived i' Fawley Foud
 Ud sharper hands or tongue.
 Bein sharp un smart yo weel mi guess
 Ut lads ud have a look ;
 To put hur couertships all ith' press
 Ud mak a decent book.
 But yah it wor aw cannot tell—
 Ov met wi' nooen ut can—
 Hoo went toth' church wi' lazy Bill,
 A shiftless, seven stooen man.
 That joyful morn at fauve o'clock,
 All feather, cap, un com',
 Hoo ran un gath stairs door a knock,
 To wakken brother Tom.
 “Get up ! besharp ! oome yat o' bed !
 (Tom rubs his eeu un growls)
 Thi sen to-day om beeanc to wed
 Yond prattiest man ith' Scholes.”
 Tom did get up un off he went,
 Un th' knot wur teed that day ;
 All Scholes wor mad wi' merriment,
 But sooen it past away.

Poor Bill un Sally went to heas,
 Us monie moor us gooen ;
 For weel 'twor known o' gooeds or brass,
 This silly pair ud nooan.

Sometamees, us oft win yerd it said,
 When foocks' soa vary pooer,
 Love bids gooed neet to them ut's wed,
 Un flaus streight yat o' dooer.

One day pooer Bill un Sally sat
 Beth saude uth' chimlit nook,
 Booeth fratchin lauke a dog un cat,
 Soa keen wi' word un look.

When lo ! wol starin ut his face
 (Soa sooen can malice see),
 Hoo spaued i' that ill-tempered gaze
 Ut Bill nd but one ee.

Up started Sally there un then,
 Un sware yah hoo'd been chet,
 Screeamed vengeance on all soocerts o' men,
 Un wished thid niver met.

Fooek says hoo gate o dirty mop,
 Un blacked booth face un crean ;
 Ut which pooer drippin Bill jumpt up,
 Un *traud* to knock hur dean.

But neighbours then ran in apace,
 To pairt this man un waufe ;
 Pooer rueful Billy draund his face,
 Un curst his wedded laufe.

Soa lads un lasses maund yer ways,
 When so mitch is ut stake ;
 For if yo " dreom i' courtin days,
 I' wedlock yol awake."

THE POOR MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS WIFE.

Oud lass, loife wi' us has been rough
 Sinh' day ut wi went to be wed,
 Wi began to keep heas, true enough,
 Wi' three crazy cheers un o' bed.

We begged them three cheers oth' tooen gronnie,
 Unth' bed coom throth' tother tha noes;
 Un wi borrod a kist o' oud Nannie,
 Wol wid' addled some drawers for us cloas.

Wid' tothry pots set in a row,
 An oud table ut creaked o' three feet,
 First meel ut wi ate ont, aw know,
 Booeth suegar unth' button wor sweet.

Wi thought wid' all e'er wi should need,
 Un trouble wid' hardly e'er known,
 Ya tha loik'd mi, oud lass, when tha seed
 Ut wid' gotten a whoam un us own!

But sooen after that, us tha noes,
 Yar number began to grow mooer;
 What a fuss tha made sewin' young cloas,
 But tha hid um when folk oppened door.

But then, mi lass, if wi wor pooer
 When youngun coom makkin his din,
 Thi wor ne'er sich a choild seen afoor,
 Soa it made us booeth tak him weel in.

Sin' then win' booeth tewed varry hard
 In stroivin to keep us seln streight,
 Black cleads us sometoimes made us scarred,
 Wol win' been fit to give it up reight.

Sometoimes win' been lakin' for wark,
 Unth' childer sometoimes us been sick ;
 But when things wor ivver so dark,
 Tha's stun to thi pooest loik o brick.

Un neah, as tha mun be aware,
 Win gotten toth' dean hill o loife,
 Yet wil' laugh in the teeth o' owd care,
 Wol om singin' this song to mi woife.

Tha's never yet been toth' "big tean,"
 Unth' young'st neah is grown yat oth' gate,
 Neist year tha mi goa for a crean,
 Soa to Lunnun tha'st off ut some rate.

October, 1861.

THE WIFE'S ANSWER TO THE POOR MAN'S ADDRESS.

Oud boy, for this last tothry days
 Fooaks' laugh'd booeth ut thee un thi waufe ;
 Om nooen so weel pleased nt thi ways,
 Wi mi let yat to mich un ur laufe.

Besaude, othersay tha mi think
 Om nooen able to meet what tha's said ;
 But ov gotten pen, paper, un ink,
 Yet this raumin's a varry queer trade.

Aw hate thi oud poverty stuff
 Ut tha's letten thi neighbours all see ;
 Aw tell'd thi long sin' sure enough
 Fooak ud think nt it meant thee un me.

Aw think it a deal th' better plan
 To keep up a dacent yatsaude ;
 Om sure nother woman nor man
 Can get on so weel witheat praudie.

If ov striven to do things fort best,
 Un made varry little look mooer,
 Aw think tha moot letten it rest
 Beeat tellin' all th' world ut wer pooer.

It's varry provooaking to me,
 Tho' some ud think little wor in't,
 When ov scheémed to mak ends meet un tee,
 For thee to expooas it i' print.

Ov talked to thi year after year,
 Un wish'd thi to brandle thi tongue,
 But soa far thro' mendin', aw fear
 Thart war neah nor when tha wor young.

Mun, tha seems us tha niver wod know
 Ut telling all mays thi look less;
 Aw believe if a hen wor to crow
 Thad wrante out un send it to th' press.

Un then yah tha flaus up un deean
 To read fooak a lot o' thi stuff;
 Un if aw nobbut ass wer thart beeaaan
 Thart us cross us a child, sure enough.

But for all ov sich bother wi' thee,
 Un thi grumblin' obeat bein' pooar,
 Should anny one call thi to me
 He'd soon get a ticket fort' dooer.

Yah ov borne wi' thi noobody knows,
 But o'm reight yat o' patience this taume,
 Ov gient thi oth' harston wi prose,
 But ol git thi ith' paper wi' raume.

Dost remember thi promise, oud lad?
 It's lauke thi', noa deeat, to forget;
 But unless things us varry deean bad,
 "Neist year ol be off ut some rate."

SONG.

TUNE—"The Old English Gentleman."

From Cinderhills to Oldham town I send this bran new
song,
And hope, should it appear in print, 'twill please both
old and young.
For ruling fashions are my theme—which come it now
so strong—
And ladies, sure, will only laugh, nor think I've done
them wrong,
By singing bonnets all in style, and full-blown petti-
coats.

Behold that girl with rosy cheek now seeking to be wed,
Oh, save us! what's that puny thing she's got behind
her head,
With ribbons flying here and there, of green, and blue,
and red?
And must I take this fly cage, then, to bless my board
and bed?
Then, here's to bonnets all in style, and full-blown
petticoats.

Oh! ladies, can you really hope to deeply move man-
kind,
At least that portion of our race who are not really
blind,
By swimming o'er the earth's fair face like floating
bags of wind?
What wonder, with such sails unfurled, you seek but
seldom find!
Displaying bonnets all in style, and full-blown petti-
coats.

Yet do not frown, my ladies fair, nor take my words
amiss,

Because, with all your little faults, you form our earthly
bliss;

Your bird-nest bonnets must bear sway o'er English,
French, and Swiss,

For, sure, they make your pretty mouths a better mark
to kiss.

Then here's to bonnets all in style, and full-blown
petticoats.

Though petticoats are streaked and crossed just like a
trellis pie,

And sweeping through the streets we think a rainbow's
passing by;

Though crimped, and curled, and laced, and hooped,
and all to catch the eye,

We love the pretty play things still--don't ask the
reason why.

Then, here's to bonnets all in style, and full-blown
petticoats.

But really, we forget ourselves, young men are popinjays;
Behold that tie three-quarters long, and body twitched
in stays,

Shirt collars reared to prop the head, and breast pin in
a blaze,

Made up by whiskers, straps, and starch, to meet the
public gaze,

Far worse than bonnets all in style, and full-blown
petticoats.

And so it seems we're much alike, and folly rules the
day;

Then let us all agree in pairs along the world's highway,
For, like the moon that shines on high, we show each
borrowed ray,

And change as oft, I really think, when fashion bears
the sway.

So here's to everything in style—even full-blown
petticoats.

GREENFIELD HILLS.

How gladly would I, but for sickness and retching,
Give this beautiful region some kind of a sketching :
I gaze from my room on the hills which surround
That terrible spot where a secret profound
Blends its spell with a loneliness every one feels,
For the air breathes of murder it never reveals !
We gaze on it still—that lone house in the vale—
For the peasant still trembles to tell the sad tale
How Tom and old Bill, self-defended no more,
Bravely fell, like two champions drenched in their gore.
“Ah! who did the deed ?” as the seasons roll by
The young to the aged for ever may cry.
However intensely the truth we would crave
‘Tis lost to mankind in the depths of the grave.
With those high-crested summits, though Winter rules
there,
Even Summer’s full beauty can scarcely compare :
In silence unbroken the moon pours her rays ;
Strange and weird is the heart-pulse that leaps as we
gaze.
Behold how wild Ravenstone stands in mid air !
The last storms of Winter are blustering there ;
But few, save the sportsman, will climb from below
To plant a bold footstep upon its proud brow ;
Yet dear to the brave race of England will be,
For ages, those ramparts surrounding the free.
Wherever the mountains their misty flags wave
The man will arise to unshackle the slave !
Brave Yorkshire and Lancashire look on these hills
With an eye never sated, a bosom that thrills,
For they look on the warders that nerve them to strife
With the sternest of foes in the battle of life.

How I long for the storm-cloud to fold up its wing,
And the sweet, gentle breezes to herald the Spring,
For here, by the panes decorated with frost,
I linger imprisoned, pale-faced as a ghost,
Sick and weary indeed, but, with patience alone,
May I rest till the chastening hand is withdrawn.

February 24th, 1864.

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